February 1917

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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THE Red Cross Magazine

The official publication of the American Red Cross

HON. WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT HON. WM. HOWARD TAFT, CHAIRMAN

ELIOT WADSWORTH, ACTING CHAIRMAN

VOL. XII CONTENTS, FEBRUARY, 1917 No. 2

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE is owned by the AMERICAN RED CROSS, Washington, D. C., the headquarters of the National Association. It is the official publication of the official relief and humanitarian organization of the United States—an organization chartered by Congress, supervised by the Government, and protected under the Treaty of Geneva, known as the Red Cross Treaty.

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE will welcome any suggestions, manuscripts, and photographs, and will give them the most careful consideration with a view to publishing them.

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A WOUNDED AMERICAN MARINE. WHAT WOULD WE DO IF THERE WERE THOUSANDS?

WE HAVEN'T THE HOSPITAL SHIPS, WE HAVEN'T THE BASE HOSPITALS WE HAVEN'T THE GREAT STORES OF MEDICAL AND SURGICAL SUPPLIES WHICH WOULD BE NEEDED, WE HAVEN'T ADEQUATE RESERVE CORPS OF SURGEONS AND NURSES.

WHAT WE HAVE WOULD NOT BE SUFFICIENT TO CARE FOR THE WOUNDED AFTER ONE DAY'S FIGHTING OF A SINGLE SQUADRON OF THE NAVY!

YOU OWE IT TO YOUR COUNTRY TO READ "IF OUR GREATER NAVY SHOULD GIVE BATTLE," BEGINNING ON PAGE 64

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The RED CROSS MAGAZINE

VOLUME TWELVE FEBRUARY, 1917 NUMBER TWO

A WORLD CRY FOR HELP

THERE are numerous Red Cross happenings and achievements, including the splendid twelfth annual meeting, which we would take delight in talking to you about first of all; but what could be more important than the crying needs of multitudes of war-sufferers throughout Europe? In the last few weeks our War Relief Information and Shipping Office, in New York, has been compiling in condensed form the substance of appeals from the distressed peoples in the vast regions which have borne so long the ravages of war and its attendant pestilences. Many nationalities are involved, distributed over almost half the world. Their needs are:

Armenia: It is possible to send some supplies to the Armenians in the Caucasus, but long delay in delivery must be expected. The Christmas ship, which sailed in December for Beirut, carried a quantity of supplies for the Armenians in Syria. Donations of money are being sent to Red Cross Committees in Constantinople, Beirut, and Cairo.

Austria, Bulgaria, Germany, and Turkey: It is regretted supplies cannot be forwarded to the Central Powers at the present time.

Belgium: The headquarters of the Belgian Red Cross are at Calais so that supplies are forwarded via France. The most urgent needs are for surgical dressings, pajamas, hospital slippers, underwear, comfort bags, children's clothing, and food-stuffs.

England: A letter has been received from the British Red Cross asking for pajamas, socks, towels, sheets, pillows, T binders, absorbent cotton in bulk, gauze in bulk, many-tailed abdominal bandages, gauze compresses, all sizes.

France: The following supplies have been asked for in recent cables from Paris—rubber gloves (sizes, 7, 7½, 8, 8½), hot water bottles, invalid rings, rubber sheetings, bed pans, pajamas, ether, absorbent cotton, surgical gauze, bandages, underwear, flannel in the piece, and shoes.

Italy: Urgent requests from the American Relief Clearing House, Rome, and from the Italian Red Cross include the following: rubber gloves, sheets, cushions, rubber hot water bottles, bandages, absorbent cotton, clinical thermometers, iodine and other disinfectants, adhesive plaster, leather slippers, drawers, handkerchiefs, pillow cases, and towels.

Lithuania: Donations for Lithuanian relief are being sent to Lithuanian relief committees in Switzerland, Stockholm, and Vilna.

Poland: Money contributions are the most acceptable because it is impossible to get supplies into Poland. *New* warm clothing, however, is needed for the Polish refugees in France.

Russia: The greatest need in Russia is for drugs and medicines, but hospital supplies and hospital garments can be used in large quantities.

Serbia: Supplies for the Serbians are now going via Marseilles and are then transshipped to Salonica, Greece. Contributions in the form of money are acceptable for purchasing food-stuffs and clothing for civilian relief.

Siberia: Warm underwear, socks, sweaters, drugs, and medicines are the special needs among the prison camps in Siberia.

Syria: Money contributions only should be made for Syrian relief. It is barely possible that another cargo will be sent out to Beirut later; if so, a separate announcement will be made.

Who is there amongst us who can read of such widespread want—and this is not half the story!—without a compunctious throb of sympathy and a desire to relieve, and to relieve in a large

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way! These brief, unadorned statements of actual prevailing needs, reproduced almost word for word from an official Red Cross circular, bring to the imaginative mind just so many vivid pictures of misery and woe. And a great deal of it may be alleviated—much more of it than may be realized—by big, prosperous America, with its rich and manifold blessings.

All funds should be made payable to the American Red Cross and mailed to 1624 H Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. All supplies should be sent *prepaid* to the American Red Cross, Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, N. Y., and a letter covering each shipment mailed to the American Red Cross, 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

OVER 250,000 MEMBERS ADDED IN 1916

WITH marked development in practically all branches of the organization, the past year may be recorded as probably the best in the constructive advancement of the American Red Cross. This was shown in different ways by reports of officials and field representatives at the twelfth annual meeting of the Red Cross recently held in Washington. The big, outstanding features of the year's growth and work, as revealed especially by reports of Mr. Wadsworth, Acting Chairman of the Central Committee; Mr. Bicknell, Director General of Civilian Relief, and Colonel Kean, Director General of Military Relief, are these:

The Red Cross membership increased between December 1, 1915, and December 1, 1916, from approximately 22,500 to about 286,000.

Red Cross chapters increased in number from 145 to 250.

Twenty-one mobile base hospitals for the Army with selected civilian expert personnel have been organized in various large centres of population, and four more are in process of organization, at a cost met by patriotic citizens of $25,000 each. Three field columns have been formed, and three additional base hospitals for the Navy have been authorized. Through the efforts of chapters and other organizations, surgical dressings, garments, and other hospital supplies, valued at approximately $8,000 for each unit, have been made and contributed.

The position of our Red Cross in European war relief has been unique among the number of organizations and committees working in this field, as Mr. Wadsworth declares. "We not only represent the individual giver," he says, "but we act as transmitting agent for organizations which are actively soliciting contributions or giving from their endowment. We have during the first eleven months of this year, received $706,234.79 and paid out $681,396.27. In addition to money gifts, large quantities of supplies have been received from Red Cross chapters and many other organizations. Contributions of cash have varied from large amounts given for special purposes by the Rockefeller Foundation to a few postage stamps sent in anonymously. One group of five persons gave regularly $5,000 a month for the first few months of the year and are now giving $10,000 a month.

"The needs for relief in Europe, both military and civilian, have been constantly called to our attention by private organizations and individuals, as well as by the Red Cross societies of the belligerent countries, and our own agents in the field. We have only been able to respond as our means allowed and have refused countless appeals where it would have been possible, had our means been greater, to render a real service to humanity."

Reviewing efforts made to have the Allied Powers permit Red Cross supplies to reach the Central Powers, the Acting Chairman tells of a movement to send new American Red Cross units to the latter countries with the approval of the Entente group, such units to receive supplies for their own use, but not for distribution. "Re-establishment of a channel through which Red Cross supplies may be sent to the Central Powers is important," the Acting Chairman maintains, not only because many members of the American Red Cross are deeply interested in this effort, but because "it is felt that such an accomplishment will have an important bearing on the status of all neutral Red Cross societies during the present war and in the future."

Over five hundred cases of supplies of various kinds, especially comfort bags, handkerchiefs, pipes, tobacco, and so on, were sent to the Mexican border by Red Cross chapters, and distributed among American soldiers—regulars and militiamen. These cases are of actual record, but complete reports of supplies forwarded to designated organizations on the border had not been received. Final reports will probably show a much larger number of cases. Many attentions were shown by chapters to troops en route to and from the Southwest.

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Christmas gifts in huge quantities were collected and distributed, not only among our forces on the Mexican border, but among American marines in Haiti. It is believed every man in these forces, according to Surgeon Richards, U.S.N., Director of the Red Cross Bureau of Supplies, received a remembrance at Christmas time.

RED CROSS WORK IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

WHILE the Director General of Civilian Relief comments in his annual report that our country was fortunately free from disasters of the first magnitude during the last year, particularly as the appalling distress in Europe had drained Red Cross resources heavily, nevertheless it is shown that in one way or another the Red Cross has given monetary assistance, sent relief supplies, or dispatched expert relief agents or nurses to a number of scenes of suffering.

Haitien civilians, who had been reduced to dire straits by revolutions, were aided through the coöperation of the Navy with the Red Cross. Victims of fires in Hopewell, Virginia; Paris, Texas, and Augusta, Georgia, were given direct or indirect assistance. The Mississippi floods, the Belmont, Louisiana, cyclone, Arkansas and Missouri storms of a devastating character, floods in Alabama, all claimed Red Cross attention. A famine in the Cape Verde Islands, a severe storm on St. Thomas Island, and the plight of some survivors of the torpedoed steamship *Stephano*, also called forth the help of the Red Cross.

In connection with the troop mobilization on the Mexican border, the Red Cross participated in the care of the families of National Guardsmen. In this last undertaking approximately $100,000 was expended by Red Cross chapters alone.

Merely to convey an idea of the scope of Red Cross activities, without meaning to undervalue other excellent reports, here is a word about three individual reports. Miss Delano, Chairman of the National Committee on Red Cross Nursing Service, showed great development in the work of education carried on by means of Red Cross courses in home care of the sick and first aid; and also outlined plans for the development of dietetic courses, and courses of instruction in the making of surgical dressings. The Town and Country Nursing Service, as Miss Clement, its superintendent, showed, has grown steadily, and widened the territory into which specially trained nurses have carried knowledge of infant welfare, sanitation of the home, and done much to prevent epidemics. Sixty-six of these nurses are now at work in as many communities scattered through twenty-one states.

But still broader is the scope of these peace-time activities of our Red Cross, for through its Medical Bureau, headed by Major Patterson, and particularly through the First Aid Division, it has taken into hundreds—in the last six years, thousands—of railroad yards, factories, mills, mines, and lumber camps, its priceless lessons in accident prevention and first aid to the injured. Three specially fitted railway cars, under the charge of Red Cross staff doctors, are traveling constantly about the country giving free instruction, steadily reducing the numbers of accidents and, as many voluntary letters reveal, saving lives. Nor is this humanitarian endeavor confined to the industries mentioned, for "water" first aid and life-saving methods are taught in coast, lake, and river cities, to policemen, firemen, and others; life-saving squads are organized, and even coast guards themselves are sometimes shown improved methods of rescuing the drowning.

Here we are trying to cover in a few hundred words a multiplicity of humanitarian activities of the official relief organization of the United States Government! It can't be done! Each one of the several relief branches or enterprises mentioned is a story in itself. For instance, to say that the membership has grown from 22,500 to 286,000 doesn't convey the idea that a campaign for one million members of the Red Cross is fairly under way, and that Mr. Wells, Assistant to the Chairman, and Mr. Hill, Director of Membership Extension, have a broad program all arranged by which those million members are going to be enrolled before some people believe it possible. Fortunately, we can deal frequently during the year with particular movements and plans to make our Red Cross one of the most efficient and most widely useful humanitarian agencies in the world. And that is what it will be, if its ambitions are realized.

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Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*

By
ROBERT W. SERVICE
Author of "The Spell of the Yukon," "Ballads of a Cheechaco," etc.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE POET

NO ONE who has read the stirring poems of adventure or description by Robert W. Service can fail to realize that an unusual career has been his. The work that he has produced could not possibly have been done amid the comforts of civilized men. He sings of the wild unblazed trails of men in peace, or the fierce shock of battle in war; and every line rings the note of an actual participant. He himself has given a picturesque account of his life, from which we cannot do better than to quote:

"Since I was born in Preston, Lancashire, I have seen some thirty-eight summers, and many more hard falls. Glasgow was the scene of my youth. My well-to-do but respectable parents decided to put me into a bank. Having reached the years of indiscretion, however, the routine of the office began to pall on me. I seemed to see my life an endless vista of drab days, and myself growing bald and pauchy in a halo of respectability. I rebelled. I wanted colour, action, change, excitement, the thrill of not knowing what's around the corner. So it came about that at twenty-one, to the horror of my parents, I kicked over the traces, and precipitated myself violently into the Wild West.

"Travelling steerage and emigrant, I landed in Vancouver with exactly five dollars in my pocket. The first job I had was picking stones off the surface of a field destined to turnips. With bewildering variety and rapidity other jobs followed. I was chopping down great trees, I was driving reaping machines, I was shovelling in the dripping blackness of a tunnel, I was tramping—I knew and cared not where—down into the unknown wilds of Mexico, a blanket on my back, not a sou in my pocket. In short, I was an absolutely healthy, carefree, irresponsible person."

After other haphazard jobs of school-teaching and newspaper reporting, Service got a job to his liking. A Western bank sent him to the Yukon, during the early rush of gold-seekers. In the enforced idleness of the long winters he wrote verses describing Alaskan scenes, but without thought of publication until one day a friend saw them and suggested having them printed. His subsequent success is a matter of common knowledge.

Mr. Service has travelled throughout the world. Since the outbreak of the Great War he has been in the Ambulance Corps of the Entente Allies. His new book, "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," is one of the notable literary products of the war. By a special arrangement with Messrs. Barse & Hopkins, 28 W. 23rd Street, New York, Mr. Service's publishers, who hold the copyright, we are privileged to present these throbbing bits of war verse.—THE EDITORS.

FROM THE FOREWORD

I've tinkered at my bits of rhymes
In weary, woeful, waiting times;
In doleful hours of battle-din,
Ere yet they brought the wounded in;
Through vigils of the fateful night,
In lousy barns by candle-light;
In dug-outs, sagging and aflood,
On stretchers stiff and bleared with blood;
By ragged grove, by ruined road,
By hearths accurst where Love abode;
By broken altars, blackened shrines
I've tinkered at my bits of rhymes.

* * *

So here's my sheaf of war-won verse,
And some is bad, and some is worse,
And if at times I curse a bit,
You needn't read that part of it;
For through it all like horror runs
The red resentment of the guns.
And you yourself would mutter when
You took the things that once were men,
And sped them through that zone of hate
To where the dripping surgeons wait;
And wonder too if in God's sight
War ever, ever can be right.

ON THE WIRE

Oh God, take the sun from the sky!
It's burning me, scorching me up.
God, can't You hear my cry?
Water! A poor, little cup!
It is laughing, the cursed sun!
See how it swells and swells
Fierce as a hundred hells!
God, will it never have done?
It's seering the flesh on my bones;
It's beating with hammers red
My eyeballs into my head;
It's parching my very moans.
See! It's the size of the sky,
And the sky is a torrent of fire,
Foaming on me as I lie
Here on the wire . . . the wire . . .

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Of the thousands that wheeze and hum
Heedlessly over my head,
Why can't a bullet come,
Pierce to my brain instead.
Blacken forever my brain,
Finish forever my pain?
Here in the hellish glare
Why must I suffer so?
Is it God doesn't care?
Is it God doesn't know?
Oh, to be killed outright,
Clean in the clash of the fight!
That is a golden death,
That is a boon; but this . . .
Drawing an anguished breath
Under a hot abyss,
Under a stooping sky
Of seething, sulphurous fire,
Scorching me up as I lie
Here on the wire . . . the wire . . .

Hasten, O God, Thy night!
Hide from my eyes the sight
Of the body I stare and see
Shattered so hideously.
I can't believe that it's mine.
My body was white and sweet,
Flawless and fair and fine,
Shapely from head to feet;
Oh no, I can never be
The thing of horror I see
Under the rifle fire,
Trussed on the wire . . . the wire . . .

* * *

ONLY A BOCHE

We brought him in from between the lines: we'd better have let him lie;
For what's the use of risking one's skin for a *tyke* that's going to die?
What's the use of tearing him loose under a gruelling fire,
When he's shot in the head, and worse than dead, and all messed up on the wire?

However, I say, we brought him in. *Diable!* The mud was bad;
The trench was crooked and greasy and high, and oh, what a time we had!
And often we slipped, and often we tripped, but never he made a moan;
And how we were wet with blood and with sweat! but we carried him in like our own.

* * *

Now there he lies in the dug-out dim, awaiting the ambulance,
And the doctor shrugs his shoulders at him, and remarks "he hasn't a chance."
And we squat and smoke at our game of bridge on the glistening, straw-packed floor,
And above our oaths we can hear his breath deep-drawn in a kind of snore.

Heigh-ho! My turn for the dummy hand; I rise and I stretch a bit;
The fetid air is making me yawn, and my cigarette's unlit,
So I go to the nearest candle flame, and the man we brought is there,
And his face is white in the shabby light, and I stand at his feet and stare.
Stand for awhile, and quietly stare, for strange though it seems to be,
The dying Boche on the stretcher there has a queer resemblance to me.

It gives one a kind of a turn, you know, to come on a thing like that,
It's just as if I were lying there, with a turban of blood for a hat,
Lying there in a coat grey-green instead of a coat grey-blue,
With one of my eyes all shot away, and my brain half tumbling through;
Lying there with a chest that heaves like a bellows up and down,
And a cheek as white as snow on a grave, and lips that are coffee brown.

And confound him, too! He wears like me on his finger a wedding ring,
And around his neck, as around my own, by a greasy bit of string,
A locket hangs with a woman's face, and I turn it about to see;
Just as I thought . . . on the other side the faces of children three;
Clustered together cherub-like three little laughing girls;
With the usual tiny rosebud mouths and the usual silken curls.
"Zut!" I say. "He has beaten me; for me, I have only two,"
And I push the locket beneath his shirt, feeling a little blue.

Oh, it isn't cheerful to see a man, the marvellous work of God,
Crushed in the mutilation mill, crushed to a smeary clod;
Oh, it isn't cheerful to hear him moan; but it isn't that I mind,
It isn't the anguish that goes with him, it's the anguish he leaves behind.
For his going opens a tragic door that gives on a world of pain,
And the death he dies, those who live and love, will die again and again.

* * *

THE STRETCHER-BEARER

My stretcher is one scarlet stain,
And as I tries to scrape it clean,
I tell you wot—I'm sick with pain
For all I've 'eard, for all I've seen;
Around me is the 'ellish night,
And as the war's red rim I trace,
I wonder if in 'Eaven's height,
Our God don't turn away 'Is Face.

I don't care 'ose the Crime may be;
I 'olds no brief for kin or clan;
I 'ymns no 'ate: I can only see
As man destroys his brother man;
I waves no flag: I only know,
As 'ere beside the dead I wait,
A million 'earts is weighed with woe,
A million 'omes is desolate.

In drippin' darkness, far and near,
All night I've sought them woeful ones.
Dawn shudders up and still I 'ear
The crimson chorus of the guns.
Look! like a ball of blood the sun
'Angs o'er the scene of wrath and wrong . . .
"Quick! Stretcher-bearers on the run!"
O Prince of Peace! 'Ow long, 'ow long?

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THE PLACARD THAT IS SAVING LIVES

Fifty thousand of these striking cards have been distributed by the New York Police Force and cooperating organizations in every part of the great metropolis

YOU WHO DRIVE —
help people to help themselves. FREE — ask your policeman for Safety Booklet
Arthur Woods Police Commissioner

YOU WHO DRIVE

BY

ARTHUR WOODS

Police Commissioner of New York City

[One of the most enterprising and aggressive campaigns in the interest of public safety ever conducted in this country is being directed by Police Commissioner Arthur Woods of New York. In the city that in places is the most congested in the world, 3,407,069 vehicles hurtle over the many crossings in ten hours of the day, and 15,545,745 pedestrians pass the same points in the same time. In this rush and jam of automobiles, trucks, street cars, and human beings, 22,000 accidents occurred, 23,000 persons were injured, and 659 persons were killed in 1915. The law governing the licensing of automobile drivers is extremely lax. Is there any wonder that Commissioner Woods is fighting a hammer-and-tongs battle in behalf of accident prevention, and is talking straight from the shoulder to "you who drive"?—THE EDITORS.]

AT THE Motor Cycle Show in Madison Square Garden recently two worldly wise cynics approached the police booth where a traffic policeman was talking on street accidents. They listened with broad grins nudging each other, and then one of them, picking up a copy of the police safety booklet, said loudly,

"Here's some more of that police bunk."

Pointing to the picture of the officer carrying the injured child, the other answered,

"Yes—what's this a picture, of anyway?"

No one paid much attention to their interruptions, but the partner of the talking policeman stepped up at this juncture and quietly said:

"That, gentlemen, is a picture of one of the saddest duties a policeman has to perform."

"What d' ya mean, duty?" asked one of the scoffers.

"Carrying away the innocent victim of another one's carelessness," said the officer.

Following up this opening he talked accident prevention to these two doubters intelligently and interestingly, and in five minutes had them converted and friends of the Force. That was only one instance of

"It seems hardly believable, but is nevertheless true, that New York State, the most populous and, in spots, the most congested state in the Union, if not the world, is one state where any person, crazy, lawless, or even intoxicated, can purchase an automobile and do what damage he may by attempting to drive it through heavy, swift-moving traffic regardless of the rights of others."

How is it in your state?

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which I personally happen to know, but I am told these two policemen scored bull's eyes in this manner continually.

This police booth in question was set up side by side with booths displaying the various makes of wheels and numerous motor cycle devices. Not to be outdone as showmen, the police exhibited a miniature flashlight system illustrating the protection offered citizens and their property by the Police Department. Traffic and safety stanchions were also shown. The police safety booklet was given away, and short legends on placards told the story of street accidents. The two policemen, detailed at the booth day and night, operated much like the energetic "barkers" in the old Coney Island "ballyhoo" days. In talks to audiences of a dozen, fifteen, and twenty, they told of loss of life in the streets, how accidents occurred, how they could be prevented, and appealed to their hearers for cooperation in this work of humanity. They answered all questions put to them and gave to those who asked copies of the traffic regulations.

NEW YORK'S POLICE COMMISSIONER

The same thing was done at the National Automobile Show, only on a larger scale, reaching several thousand disinterested, cynical or too busy citizens who otherwise would never have been touched by this appeal.

To my mind, that was good police work, because it not only brought sharply to the mind of the public the menace of street accidents, but produced as well intelligent contact between the citizen and the police and helped to make them mutual friends and coöperators toward that which we all are striving—a better, cleaner, and safer place in which to live.

To-day, this is popularly considered a new line of work for policemen, but as a matter of fact, it is not. What is happening is a gradual restoration in the eyes of the public of the standing of the policeman and his job. This problem is only another matter of public safety and the policeman in tackling it in this manner is only coming into his own again as the important community officer, as he was in the days of Miles Standish; is only doing what

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DANGERS TO CHILDREN ARE BEING LESSENED

But it takes aggressive educational work, and repeated warnings to both drivers and pedestrians. The burden of responsibility is frequently on the driver. Both classes can help

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he should do and what the public should expect him to do.

When the present administration in New York City took office nearly three years ago, there was a conviction in the mind of every officer on the Force that with the increasing population and congestion in the city, street accidents and crime were increasing, but strangely enough there was no way in which this could be shown. In other words, there was not much in the way of records. What there was meant nothing. There had been no effort to show by compilation and analysis how and where street accidents were occurring or even where crime was increasing or decreasing, and when we considered the advisability of establishing some accounting division for this purpose, experienced officers frankly advised against it on the grounds that a true statement of facts would shock the public, and seriously disturb confidence in the Police Department. Nevertheless, one of the first things we did was to establish a Bureau of Statistics, to reorganize the whole system of records and reports, and attempt a survey that would show just where we stood as to the increase in crime, street accidents, and other social conditions.

STORE WINDOWS CARRY THE WARNINGS

A standardized form was designed for every kind of report made by a policeman on post and each one of these reports was made to move through routine channels to a Bureau of Statistics at Headquarters where a force of clerks, assisted by modern tabulating machines, compiled and analyzed them.

In this way, by monthly, quarterly, semi-annual and annual reports, Headquarters was able to see at a glance, through facts, the exact conditions in the various quarters of the city. By these figures the Department was able to attempt intelligently to suppress a sudden increase in crime or street accidents in this or that section of the city. It was possible to direct the machinery of the Force where it would do the most good to counteract these conditions. For the first time in the history of the Department we had something on which policemen, like engineers, could plan a campaign of offense and defense as warranted.

The first annual tabulation of street accidents was made at the close of 1915, and showed a total of 22,000 street accidents in which over 23,000 persons were injured and 659 killed. It showed also 3,407,069 vehicles swarmed across all traffic posts in ten hours each day in addition to 15,545,745 pedestrians. Here was a rush and a jam of traffic known by no other city of modern or olden times.

We were also brought face to face with another fact, now all too realistic. Here was a little old town of Dutch and English pattern with narrow streets and three- and four-story brick blocks that had been transformed in an incredibly short space of time into a great, throbbing metropolis, with towering skyscrapers, rapid transit lines, giant bridges, and busy ferries, all of which were emptying and reemptying their streams of humanity into the same little old narrow streets. But what was worse still, through these streets were now running not the slow, clattering horse-drawn wagon of father's time, but powerful, heavy, and swift vehicles, moving on rubber tires, their drivers in just as mad haste as the streams of pedestrians running in front of their wheels.

All these things were facts that we had to know and to deal with. Divided into districts and precincts, classified and analyzed, the statistics further showed the cause of the accident, vehicle concerned, age and experience of the driver, age of the victim, condition of the pavements, congestion of traffic, etc. They showed that the responsibility in accidents was divided between drivers and pedestrians, and at the same time that the proportion of

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pedestrians to drivers in the street was about 5 to 1.

On the part of the drivers there was shown unmistakable evidence of ignorance and carelessness, faulty brakes or steering gears, improper lights or horns. On the part of pedestrians there was shown heedlessness, recklessness, and utter disregard for the rights of others. Over half of the persons killed and one-third of those injured were children. Persons under 16 and over 50 were the heaviest sufferers. From the ranks of the very old and very young came the largest number of victims. There were fewer accidents in the short days of the winter months, the totals increasing as the mild and pleasant weather drew the people into the streets.

SAFETY BOOKLETS HELP YOUNG AND OLD

For upward of a year we had been gradually working to a more and more rigid enforcement of the traffic regulations. Safety arrangements had been devised for better protection at congested traffic points. The Traffic Division had been gradually increased and with this increase came more attention to an enforcement of the regulations restricting speed of vehicles turning a corner, instituting car-stop safety zones to protect passengers while alighting from and boarding surface cars. More stanchions were placed on the pavements, and the number of play streets increased from which traffic was excluded between 3 and 6 o'clock P.M.: to permit recreation of children. Other things done were the summoning of owners of vehicles carrying illegible license number plates and poorly lighted tail lamps, the prompt arrest of the intoxicated driver, keeping slow-moving traffic to the curb and faster traffic in the centre of the street, the use of stop-and-go semaphores on congested Fifth Avenue, and the assignment of more policemen to street crossings during recess hours of public schools. Commanding officers of precincts were held responsible for increases in street accidents as well as of crime. This was an absolutely new departure.

Late in the winter of 1915, the Commissioner asked the Legislature for a law requiring the licensing of all operators of motor vehicles, after a rigid examination, and giving to police magistrates the power of revocation or suspension of the license for cause. This bill was opposed by up-State members, who maintained that conditions in their districts did not warrant such regulatory laws; the bill was therefore amended to apply to New York City only. As amended, the bill was passed in both houses only to be vetoed by the Governor on the ground of unconstitutionality.

The result was that drivers of all sorts and conditions continue to drive cars in New York City and the other large cities of the state, whereas in adjoining states they are not allowed to drive without proving their fitness. It seems hardly believable, but is nevertheless true, that New York State, the most populous and, in spots, the most congested state in the Union if not the world, is one state where any person, crazy, lawless, or even intoxicated, can purchase an automobile and do what damage he may by attempting to drive it through heavy, swift-moving traffic regardless of the rights of others.

The public that walks, however, is often more at fault than those who drive. Walkers in big cities are carelessly reckless, and worse. How to educate them—that is the question. On a report of the Police Safety Committee, the weekly conference of inspectors took up the subject of an educational campaign on warnings and advice against dangers. Police sergeants who had been talking in the public schools to boys and girls on good citizenship were directed to appeal to their young audiences for coöperation in helping the policemen to keep down street accidents. Moving pictures and stereopticon slides were used to illustrate these talks.

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The response of school children to the sergeants' appeal was shown in a number of ways. One of them was by letters to the sergeants. A boy in Harlem wrote the sergeant who talked in his school as follows:

"I was in the assembly this morning at which you were present and gave a very interesting talk which I liked very much. I think the best part was about crossing the street at the right place and the advice to obey the officer whenever he tells us anything and not to hitch on cars or wagons. I will promise to cross the street at the right place and not to hitch on cars, wagons or automobiles. Thanking you very much for your kindness, I am . . ."

stables to talk to drivers bringing to them advice on how they could protect the wares of their employers, telling them how to protect their automobiles and cars and at the same time asking the drivers' help in the prevention of accidents. Police sergeants were also sent to lofts and factories where many employees were at work, to talk during the noon hour on the same subject. Month by month the street accident reports are analyzed by the Bureau of Statistics and the striking facts developed are put before the public by means of the newspapers, and by teachers in the public schools.

In talks before motor and driving clubs by myself and members of the staff, we have asked

TRUCKLOADS OF LITERATURE GO BROADCAST

It would be necessary to take precautions to prevent accidents in so congested a city as New York under any conditions, perhaps, but with a law which permits any one to borrow an automobile and drive through throngs of men, women, and children, they are doubly important

Another letter was from a boy on the East side who said:

"What I liked about you was that you talked slow and loud enough to hear. I also liked what you said about officers wanting to be our big brothers. I promise to you that I will never break the law in any way. I sometimes get those funny notions that boys get in their heads but when I grow up I will be the kind of citizen the city wants."

A third boy wrote:

"I thank you for coming to our school although I was not there on account of a broken arm so I have to write with my left hand. I broke it doing something we were forbidden to do so I got what was coming to me. Some of the boys told me how nice your talk was. I am sorry I was not there but after this I am going to obey the laws. The next time you come I hope to hear you."

Police sergeants were sent to large garages and

employers to take great care as to the character and skill of drivers they employ. We have asked them to be sure that the engines of their vehicles are in proper condition, that brakes and gears respond promptly and powerfully to the driver's hands and feet. A shocking accident recently occurred caused by a motor truck which had its rubber tires so worn down that the wooden flange of one of the wheels caught in the car track, jerked the steering wheel from the grip of the chauffeur, caused the car to run up on the sidewalk and crush the life out of two children innocently playing on the steps of a stoop.

We cautioned against relying too much on the horn, and pointed to conspicuous cases where persons have been killed directly because the horn frightened or bewildered them. We urge owners to keep track of their drivers' training and education; and particularly to require that their drivers always maintain a margin of

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safety, making allowance for foolish action on the part of the other fellow.

Late in 1915 I asked the Advertising Club of New York to join in a publicity campaign against street accidents. The Club gave to the Police Department the services of its Greater New York Committee, a group of experts in about every line of commercial advertising. With a wealth of material in captions and headlines, in clever suggestions, and illuminating statistics, many of the suggestions having been contributed by officers and members of the Force, this Advertising Committee and a representative of my staff worked out a campaign which included the use of about every possible publicity medium for bringing facts and figures to public attention.

The whole campaign was based on a colored picture of a careless driver, children playing in the street in front of him, and an officer carrying an injured child away in his arms. A few words on the card directed the public to ask a policeman for a safety booklet. With this as a trademark of the campaign, we placarded the town in store windows, elevated, subway, and street car lines, public schools, and other public places. Fifty thousand of these cards were issued and approximately five hundred thousand of the safety booklets given out by patrolmen on post. Stereopticon slides carried the picture into every moving picture house in the city and the film companies further cooperated by making moving pictures illustrating the warnings and advice given in the police safety booklet. One of the big out-of-doors advertising companies painted the police warning on several large boards in conspicuous places in different parts of the city. Merchants also came into the campaign by generously responding to our request to carry the warning captions and headlines in the reading matter of their paid advertisements.

Never before in the history of the Department has any such attempt ever been made to reach the people by such an appeal directly and in person by members of the Force, and the success attained is proof in my mind not only that the public and the police can coöperate in good police work but that such cooperation is necessary and essential to good Government.

SCHOOL AND STREET LECTURES ARE GIVEN

The campaign of education has been carried almost into the homes. Sergeants of the force make addresses in schools, at the playgrounds, and anywhere else that is convenient. At the noon hour truckmen and other drivers are taught lessons on the urgency of sane driving. All "drivers" cannot be reached in this way

Note. Commissioner Woods' next warning in the interest of public safety will be addressed to "You Who Walk." It will concern every reader—men, women, and children, particularly children. There are things you and your family ought to know to prevent accidents and injuries. What are the obligations of the pedestrian?

See the next number of the Red Cross Magazine.
—THE EDITORS.

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Novelty and Appear in of Rescuing Victims

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood

AUSTRALIAN WOUNDED REACH MELBOURNE

It was after the Great War came that the Australian Branch of the British Red Cross was organized It has contributed generously to the relief work in Europe. In the upper picture a Canadian soldier is giving a convalescent fellow Canadian an airing. The Canadian Red Cross has developed considerably during the war

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Ingenuity Methods and Moving of War

HOISTING BRITISH "STRETCHER CASES" FOR LANDING

Great cranes will lift a dozen badly injured men from the deck of a vessel, and gently set them ashore In the small photograph above Austrian Red Cross men are carrying a severely wounded comrade along a screened road to shelter The Austrian Red Cross was not prepared for war-relief but in time perfected itself

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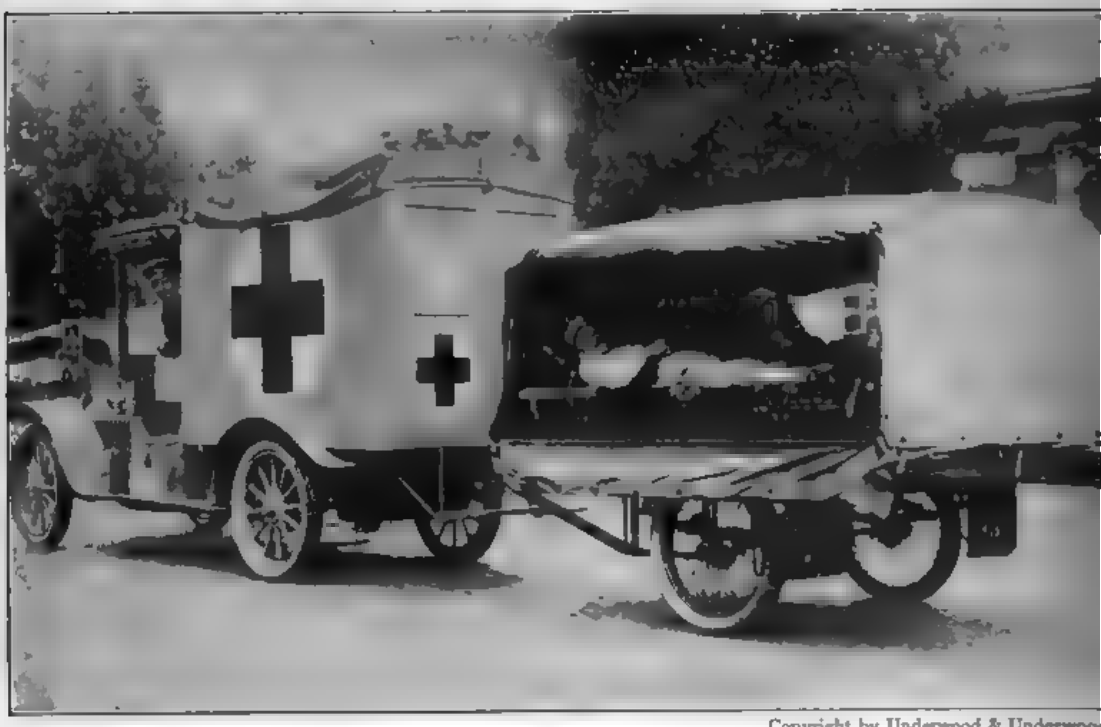

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A GERMAN AMBULANCE AND TRAILER

There have been marked changes in the devices for moving wounded since the outbreak of the w
Like the Red Cross organizations of the other belligerents, Germany's efficient Red Cross has learned m
and improved during the last two and a half years

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

A HASTILY IMPROVISED GERMAN STRETCHER

A sapling tree and a blanket furnished the material for this crude contrivance The wounded must be ca
in the most comfortable fashion possible

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

AN ITALIAN MOUNTAIN AMBULANCE

The noblest beast of the Italian Alps is the humble donkey Sure-footed and sturdy, he has saved many lives drawing low-wheeled conveyances along narrow ledges and to the lowland to a base hospital. The Queen Mother of Italy has set an inspiring example in Red Cross work

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

A FRENCH HAND-CART ALSO SERVES

The three cooperating branches of the French Red Cross have developed a wonderful relief system. The American Relief Clearing House in Paris furnishes aid to hospitals all over France

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THE RESCUE OF NON-COMBATANTS AT SEA

Women, children, and old men have suffered untold hardships in the war zone The Moloch of War has been no respecter of persons. A Red Cross nurse in the centre of the boat is striving to comfort passengers who are being saved from the torpedoed S. S. *Arabia*

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ABOARD THE ENGLISH HOSPITAL SHIP "NEUTRALIA"

Although many vessels have been converted into Red Cross ships, they are all too few to accommodate the wounded, who must be huddled together along the decks

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

BARGES OF WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIERS

From the southern end of the western front and from the Balkans many wounded are taken to Malta and Egypt for recovery. Lighters laden with fragile human beings are towed to waiting hospital ships in Mediterranean waters which in turn carry the wounded to base hospital ports

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

GERMAN RED CROSS BARGES ON THE VISTULA

To get the wounded to quiet scenes remote from the battlefield is the pressing duty of the medical transportation systems. A gliding river barge provides much more comfort than a train

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OPERATING ROOM IN A GERMAN RED CROSS TRAIN

The efficiency of the German Red Cross is amazing. Its ramifications are so many that it seems to have overlooked no relief contingency All hospital trains are not equipped as completely as this one It is probable this magazine will be able to present a comprehensive article on the German Red Cross soon

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WITHIN A FRENCH HOSPITAL RIVER STEAMER

The pains which the Red Cross representatives take to nurse one unfortunate war-victim back to health form a contrast to the ruthless efforts to destroy life at the front

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EVERY KIND OF TRAIN IS USED

The British Red Cross Society, primarily a war-relief organization, and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem effected a coöperative arrangement early in the war, as an economic move, and have given very great help to the Royal Army Medical Corps. The self-sacrificing work of its representatives is above praise

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

AN EMERGENCY RUSSIAN AMBULANCE

Russia has some splendid hospital trains and motor ambulances, but in outlying, isolated sections the roughest of vehicles must be resorted to, and may be made fairly comfortable with plenty of straw

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TINY BELGIAN REFUGEES IN HOLLAND

The American Commission for Relief in Belgium has set a world-example in efficiency Up to November 1, last, the Commission had received from all sources, including governmental subsidies, $201,782,076; from other than governmental sources, $23,503,771, of which the United States gave $8,747,438

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SERBIA'S OX-CARTS ARE SLOW BUT SURE

Non-combatant relief work in Serbia, Albania, and Montenegro has long engaged the attention of the American Red Cross. Much of it has been in the line of sanitation

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FLEMISH DOGS ARE INDISPENSABLE

Horses, mules, donkeys, dogs, and oxen have given their best strength to rescue families and household effects. So valuable are horses, mules, and dogs, to the fighting forces especially, that great pains are taken to care for them in animal hospitals when injured

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HOSPITAL SHIPS ARE AS NECESSARY AS DREADNOUGHTS

While the United States is far behind certain belligerent countries in naval hospital equipment, the vessel shown in the drawing below is said to be the first in the world to be built from the keel up as a hospital ship. It was authorized in the Greater Navy Bill of 1916, and will cost $2,360,000

IF OUR GREATER NAVY SHOULD GIVE BATTLE

BY

WILLIAM HARPER DEAN

EDITORIAL FOREWORD:—Now that our America of boundless resources, wealth, latent power, has been roused to an appreciation of the need of a potential Navy as a first line of defense, will she realize to the fullest also the great responsibility which is hers, and the grave necessity of making provision for the care of many thousands of officers and men in the event of war? Our own people have brought to us from Europe's human shambles numberless startling lessons on the importance of advance preparation for extensive, efficient war-relief work. Must we have a terrible personal experience—a demonstration that American seamen are no more impervious to fourteen-inch shells than were the countless frail mortals of flesh and blood who were torn and mangled and blown into eternity in the battle off Jutland?

This magazine, consecrated to the prevention and alleviation of human suffering in war and peace, has sounded, with all its strength, the warning that proper war-relief preparedness for either the Navy or Army is time-consuming, costly, and difficult even in tranquil, normal times, and a herculean, well-nigh impossible thing to accomplish when war has brought its confusion and chaos. The cost of equipment alone for one auxiliary hospital ship would not be under $200,000, and the work requires much time. One naval base hospital in the piping days of peace could not be organized and completely equipped to care for so few as 500 men in several weeks' time. But sea-fights and land-battles do not wait for hospitals to be equipped The quivering bodies of sorely wounded men are brought back in everlasting streams. Are they—our own boys to die wretchedly under our eyes for lack of facilities and trained personnel to give them necessary expert attention? They can't be housed in barns; they can't be operated on by blacksmiths

Too many of our good people harbor a state of mind which would have more appropriately existed in the days when the beardless Captain Oliver Perry, with a handful of Rhode Island sailors and Kentucky riflemen for his seamen, was ordered to Lake Erie to build a fleet out of green timber, after cutting down the trees, "and attack the enemy." We cannot wait to-day for the great crisis to come before devising ways and means to meet it. We are not living in an age when an *Old Ironsides* can destroy a *Guerrière* with a loss in killed and wounded to our side of but fourteen men, nor can another battle of Santiago Harbor, or of Manila Bay, be fought with a negligible casualty list for us. The modern battleship carries approximately 1,200 men, and combat between these floating monsters with their incalculable destroying power is short, furious, deadly.

When our Greater Navy is a reality we shall have but two hospital ships To-day there is only one. Think this over, Americans! Do you know that with but a few units of their fleet during

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the Gallipoli campaign, the Entente Allies had—not one, two, ten or a dozen hospital ships—but forty? And they were large ones at that, and were all there because it was believed every one would be needed.

Organized, completely equipped naval-base hospitals should dot our long and winding coast lines, and civilian hospitals should be prepared and listed to serve as auxiliaries in case of emergency—to help save the lives of thousands of American lads who some day may be brought home mere shreds of humanity. Every seaport of the United States should, as a simple act of patriotism and humanitarianism, if not of local pride, take a hand in this laudable and most urgent movement to give aid and comfort to our Greater Navy which is to be. And Mr. Dean here tells you how you may best do this in an interesting article which is authoritative from beginning to end, and which every citizen owes it to himself and to his country to read.

WE ARE about to fashion the most powerful Navy in the history of America, and will dedicate it to the sacred duty of defending the integrity of her soil. It will be one great unit of our rapidly materializing machinery designed in the cause of preparedness. And when the last dreadnought has been sent down the ways and the last submarine driven successfully into the very vitals of the sea, America will draw a deep breath and feel that for the present at least she has discharged a sacred obligation to her expansive self.

But there is yet another story to preparedness on sea as well as on land. There is that side of the question which must not be slurred, however deep may be the antipathy of some to the grosser features of war preparedness. One day our Greater Navy may give battle. A battle between modern leviathans of the sea is one of annihilation. The defenders of America on the seas will not surround an enemy squadron and demand surrender, nor will the invader attempt a similar strategy. It will be a cataclysm of steel against steel. The fittest will survive.

There will be blood shed: the price of liberty always has been paid in blood. And on that day when our Greater Navy gives battle there will be opportunity for one of the greatest humanitarian efforts in all the grim business called war: the *efficient* care of the ineffectives.

We are, or rather we feel, quite certain that when America is threatened with invasion it will be our Greater Navy that will decide for us whether the struggle will be over in a few hours or rage on for cruel days and days until finally the alien is driven from our shores. Our seacoast is extensive. To a strong foe an attempt to force a landing at some point on our thousands of miles of shore line would in all probability appeal as immensely logical.

Our first line of defense, then, is our Navy. Preparedness in the Navy demands an adequate number of efficiently manned fighting units and a sufficient number of efficiently organized units for the care of ineffectives.

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THE NAVY IS OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

"It would require several weeks of furious work to convert the most likely craft into a hospital ship." Why not arrange in time of calm to provide auxiliary naval hospitals, and a splendid reserve corps of surgeons and nurses?

During the recent campaign of the Entente Allies on the Gallipoli Peninsula there was published a statement to the effect that seventy British hospital ships had been sighted in the Mediterranean, fringing the fleet and daily bearing their cargoes of sick and wounded to base hospital units. The British Admiralty, on scanning this report, issued a withering denial. It was absurd—seventy hospital ships! The public should be more accurately in-

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formed. The Admiralty begged to state that there were but forty of these.

Forty hospital ships! And only a relatively small number of units of the allied fleets operating in that particular war zone. True, there were sanguinary engagements ashore that delivered their toll of wounded to these ships; but as grim indices of the inevitable mortality attending large-scale military and naval operations, this incident and others which could be cited from the war in Europe stand out with most compelling force.

We strive, but after all it is a difficult matter for a people at peace to grasp the true significance of a war between two or more great powers. Figures dull the brain. "A regiment annihilated; forty vessels sunk." What does it all mean? The elimination of so many fighting units from the field of operations?

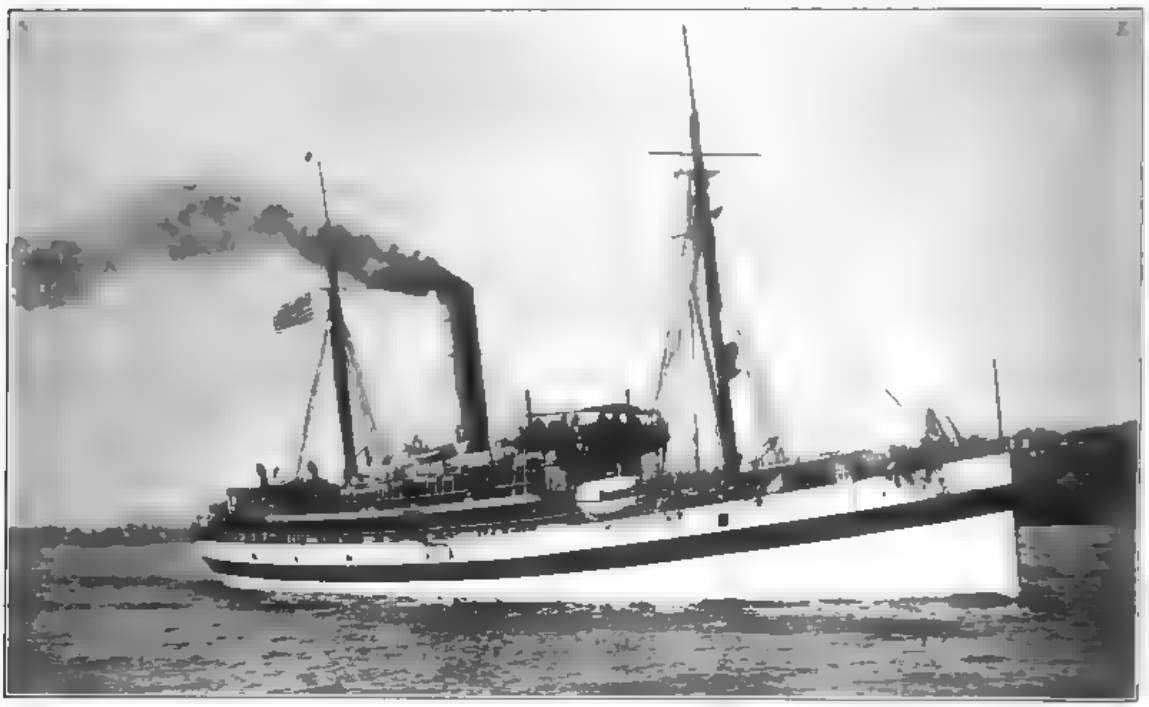
No, it means more. It means more than death. It means mutilation and suffering beyond the power of tongue to tell; it means shattered limbs and shell-gouged trunks; it means blood pouring in streams from the living—the *living!* It means that for every dreadnought, every destroyer, of which our Greater Navy will boast, there must be patient, steady surgeons; sacrificing nurses; soft, clean things for the pain-wracked bodies of men who have served the guns of the Greater Navy and now must surrender to the skill of trained hands in order that they may live again.

Whatever there is of preparedness against that day when our Greater Navy will give battle, must be ready on the instant to serve. The stroke of that hour will not be heralded by a slow pealing of bells. It will come in a flash. The Navy must give battle—*now!* Little time to equip hospital ships and coast hospital units, no time to instruct surgeons and doctors who have followed their professions in strictly civilian life. While the casualties resulting from a clash between two great seapowers could not possibly equal in number those that are the price of long-drawn battles between land forces, yet they will be so sudden that the utmost in preparedness from a humanitarian standpoint must be on hand and waiting or it will be too late.

What have we done in this cause? To-day there is one hospital ship afloat—the *Solace*. Another, recently provided for by Congress, will shortly be under way. Then we shall have two.

I asked an American naval surgeon of high rank this question: How many hospital ships would be required to serve the Greater Navy in event of its giving battle?

"God only knows!" said he.



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THE LONE UNITED STATES HOSPITAL SHIP "SOLACE"

If you are a practicing physician or surgeon, are connected with a civilian hospital on or near the coast are an intern, or if you are one of the many millions of American citizens not identified with the medical fraternity, you can help prepare in time of peace for relief of our 75,000 men of the Greater Navy. Mr Dean tells you how at the conclusion of his article

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THE SMALL MEDICAL SERVICE NEEDS RESERVES

It would require several weeks of furious work to convert the most likely craft into a hospital ship. You can't care for sick and wounded in staterooms, you must have wards. You must provide operating rooms, first-aid rooms, disinfecting rooms, and a hundred more essentials. Surgeon Richmond C. Holcomb, Assistant to the Surgeon General of the Navy, tells me that the cost of providing medical equipment alone for a converted vessel would be in the neighborhood of $200,000.

"Remember," he was saying, with all the earnestness of one striving to impress upon the lay mind the requirements of our Navy as to surgical and medical preparedness, "a fleet's requirements are vastly different from those of an army. The fleet is isolated, so to speak. Whatever it requires in the way of facilities for caring for sick and wounded must be *immediately available*—part and parcel of the great joint unit itself.

"The fleet cannot send a call to the rear for civilian volunteers to help in hospital work for those lying on the decks. It cannot commandeer a public building here and there to care for its ineffectives as the line of battle changes. The fleet is a law unto itself, and the civilian who confuses its medical and surgical requirements with those of an army never can render it effective service."

RELIEF DRILLS ARE PROMOTED FOR EFFICIENCY

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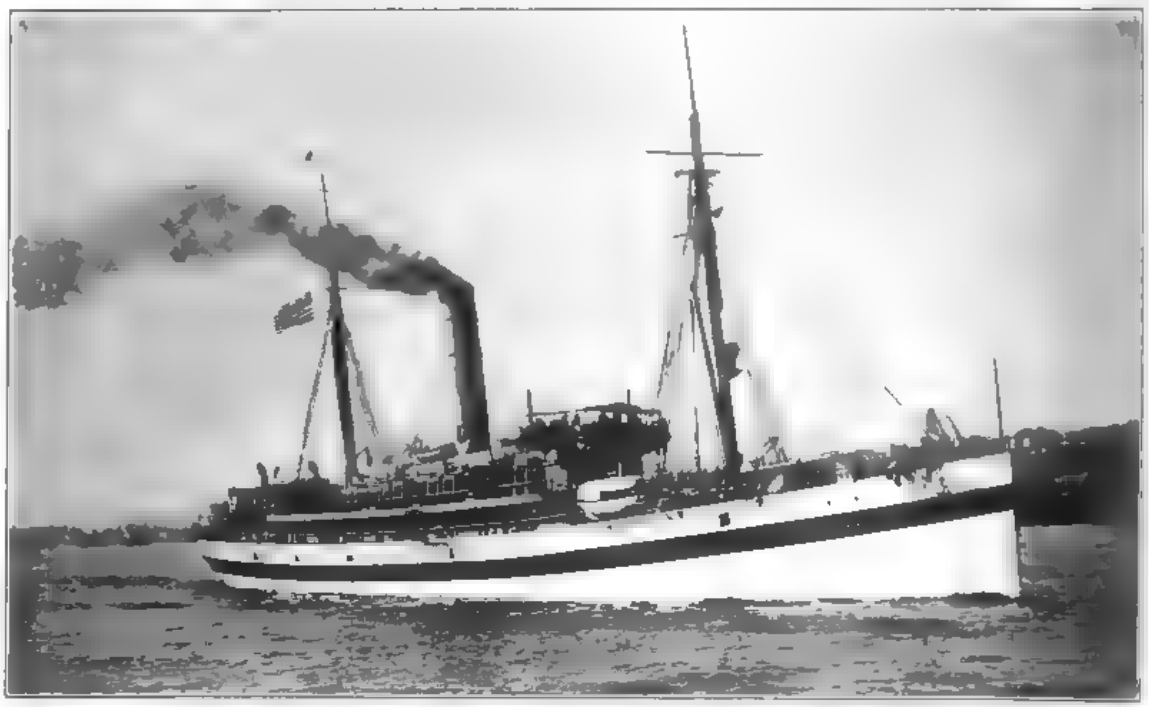

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THE SMALL MEDICAL SERVICE NEEDS RESERVES

It would require several weeks of furious work to convert the most likely craft into a hospital ship. You can't care for sick and wounded in staterooms, you must have wards. You must provide operating rooms, first-aid rooms, disinfecting rooms, and a hundred more essentials. Surgeon Richmond C. Holcomb, Assistant to the Surgeon General of the Navy, tells me that the cost of providing medical equipment alone for a converted vessel would be in the neighborhood of $200,000.

"Remember," he was saying, with all the earnestness of one striving to impress upon the lay mind the requirements of our Navy as to surgical and medical preparedness, "a fleet's requirements are vastly different from those of an army. The fleet is isolated, so to speak. Whatever it requires in the way of facilities for caring for sick and wounded must be *immediately available*—part and parcel of the great joint unit itself.

"The fleet cannot send a call to the rear for civilian volunteers to help in hospital work for those lying on the decks. It cannot commandeer a public building here and there to care for its ineffectives as the line of battle changes. The fleet is a law unto itself, and the civilian who confuses its medical and surgical requirements with those of an army never can render it effective service."

RELIEF DRILLS ARE PROMOTED FOR EFFICIENCY

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A hospital ship does not in any sense replace a base hospital in a coast town. The hospital ship acts as a hospital transport by which ineffectives are transferred to fixed base hospitals. The hospital ship is a fleet-base-hospital, a unit capable of moving from base to base, as the fleet's position changes on the sea.

When men are wounded or fall sick, their effectiveness for the time ends. They are ineffectives. They must be removed, both because it is the only humane thing to do and they have a right to expect this and then because their presence in no measure stimulates the morale of the effectives.

What we need, then, are organized units for rendering medical and surgical aid to the men of our Greater Navy. There is a crying need of the Greater Navy for base hospital units along our coasts. There is no telling what section of our coast the fleet will be called upon to defend. What then will that section offer to the men who are sent back sick and wounded?

At this writing the Navy Department has asked the Red Cross to organize five base hospital units—three on the Atlantic Coast and two on the Pacific. For south of Norfolk we have not a one. They are under way.

Every civilian hospital located within reasonable distance of a coast city to which a division of the fleet would return with its ineffectives

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A FLEET CANNOT CALL TO THE REAR FOR VOLUNTEERS

Unlike the Army, it is isolated Its wounded bestrew the decks in time of action. They must be gathered up and delivered to the hospital transport which carries them to the naval base hospital—if there is one to carry them to. The Red Cross has authorized the organization of three such hospitals. But this is something every port in the United States particularly should become interested in

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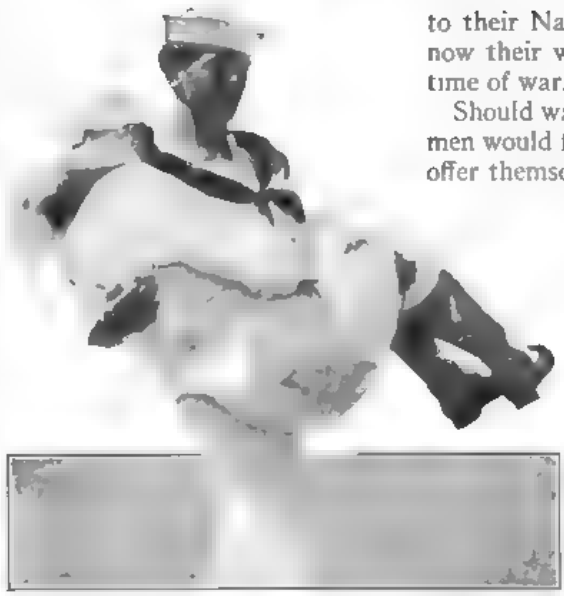
should create in itself a potential, efficient auxiliary to the general scheme of medical and surgical preparedness for the Greater Navy.

The Red Cross is also deep in the task of organizing Emergency Detachments of Nurses which can be quickly mobilized and used to supplement the service of both the Army and Navy Nurse Corps. It is organizing Sanitary Training Detachments for the purpose of instructing men so that they may be able to serve efficiently in the Sanitary Service of the Army and Navy. These individuals are required to enroll in the Red Cross service for a period of two years. They are also asked to signify their willingness to enlist in the Medical Service of the Army or Navy in case of war, but are not required to so obligate themselves.



OUR SAILORS ARE AMONG THE BEST

The cry is for *organized* efficiency!

Surgeons in the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy Department tell me that one of the greatest needs of this Bureau is men—more men. It needs trained, efficient surgeons and physicians for its Medical Reserve Corps. And here is a field of service in the Greater Navy where the *individual* rather than organized units stands to the fore.

This reserve to-day is pathetically small in numbers, principally because, I honestly believe, the medical and surgical profession in civil life is not thoroughly aware of the fact that even in civil life they can render great aid to their Navy simply by indicating now their willingness to serve it in time of war.

Should war come to-morrow these men would forsake their practice and offer themselves bodily to the Navy. But in this moment of unpreparedness they can make surgical and medical preparedness in the Greater Navy doubly strong by filling up the ranks of this reserve. The Naval Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Washington, requires little more of such volunteers than a simple statement of willingness to serve in the hour of need. Small though this reserve is, its existence is one of the greatest sources of pride of the whole Navy.

What Great Britain anticipated in the Gallipoli campaign caused her to provide forty hospital ships. What Great Britain foresaw, we must foresee for our Greater Navy.

America has one hospital ship, one more in the making. She needs more of these ships, more base hospitals along the coast, more men trained in medicine and surgery to enlist for regular service and to fill up the Medical Reserve Corps of the Navy, more nurses. The Red Cross has enrolled thus far a reserve force of more than 7,000 carefully selected trained nurses, for the Army and Navy combined.

Those of us who favored adequate naval preparedness and who contributed to its consummation in any way whatever have yet another patriotic duty to face: the noble task of preparing for the humanitarian side of the business of war.

HOW YOU CAN HELP YOUR NAVY

ARE YOU A PRACTICING PHYSICIAN OR SURGEON?
Then you can join the Navy's Medical Reserve Corps, volunteering now to serve when your country needs you.

ARE YOU CONNECTED WITH A CIVILIAN HOSPITAL SITUATED ON OR NEAR THE COAST?
Then you can begin a movement to make your hospital available for the needs of the Navy in time of stress.

ARE YOU AN INTERN, ASSISTANT, OR OTHERWISE AN ACTIVE FACTOR IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE OR SURGERY?
Then you can write to the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Navy Department, Washington, volunteering now your service in such capacity in time of war.

ARE YOU ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE NOT TRAINED IN THESE SPECIAL LINES?
Then you can help the Red Cross establish base hospitals on our coasts, equip hospital ships, and in a hundred other ways strengthen the preparedness of our Greater Navy.

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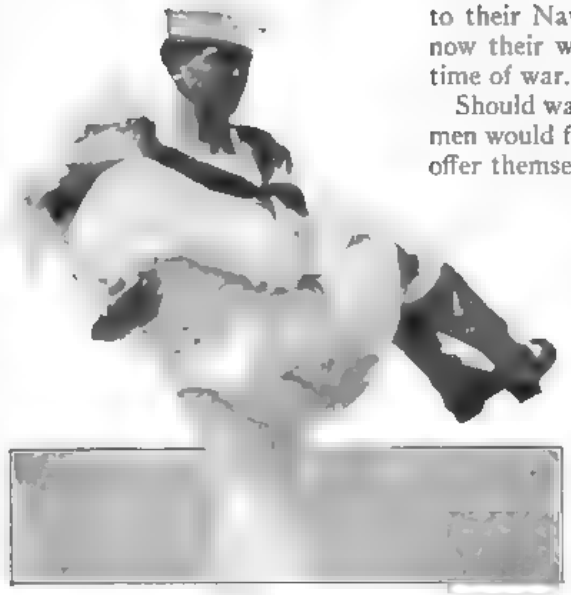

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THE RETRIEVER'S MOST EXALTED SERVICE

Often displaying an intelligence that seems supernatural, the thousands of trained Red Cross dogs in the fighting countries of Europe have brought succor to many dangerously wounded men And that means a great deal it means that Airedales, sheep dogs, wolf-hounds, retrievers, pointers, and the plainest of curs, with equal alertness and brightness of mind, have restored fathers to their families, husbands to their wives, sons to their mothers. This is a French dog

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MERCIFUL DOGS OF WAR

BY

ELLWOOD HENDRICK

WHEN war breaks loose we have to revise our ways and our doings. Values change concerning dogs as of other things. An Airedale terrier is not wanted for his blanket of black and the shape of it; the Airedale is wanted for his trained ability to find wounded soldiers and to come back and lead help to them. His black back is not cared for at all; the Red Cross and Army Medical Corps prefer to have dogs gray, for the same reason that this is the best color for uniforms. In the eyes of the show-dog man or woman the Army Medical and Red Cross authorities are wretchedly reactionary; they are not interested in a single prize-winning feature.

According to one report, at the outbreak of the war there were eight trained dogs in the German army and in another it is stated that there were many. Now we are assured that there are many but we have no census; we know only of one high command for the training of 2,500 additional dogs and another reference to 4,500 of them. Those in the French army and Red Cross are expressed by the same figure of speech—"many"—and those in the British army are indicated by "some." On both sides on all the fronts there may be, at a guess, 10,000 Red Cross dogs. This refers only to those that are trained, that have undergone careful education and have, as it were, taken their degrees. Untrained dogs are not wanted at the front, any more than untrained civilians. They are useless.

The best physical type seems to be a medium-sized animal, strong, preferably of grayish color or black, and the beast must have good eyesight and character. How large a part scent plays in the work is not known. We do not know anything about smell, anyway. In that respect dogs know far more than we do.

Photograph by Pach Photo News

IN THE STREETS OF BERLIN

Dogs that are "pure" mongrel will come up to the pedestrian, pull at coat or dress to attract attention, and then bark a request for a Red Cross contribution The appeal is irresistible. This dog is part bull, and an industrious seller of flowers

The breeds vary. A cross between a bulldog and a mastiff is said to be desirable, so are German sheep dogs, retrievers, pointers, large Airedale terriers, the kind known as police dogs, as well as out-and-out curs. It is character and training that is wanted; nobody has time in days of war to worry about ancestry. Character is the hardest thing to breed, and the aristocrat with a shifty eye goes into the discard. In time of need democracy asserts itself. Size, weight, and health may be determined. Then comes training—and there character shows.

These Army or Red Cross or Sanitary dogs as the Germans call them, are first trained to distinguish between the uniform of their country and that of enemies. Then the dog must learn the importance of a wounded man, as being his principal business in life. News of the wounded must also be brought to his master. He must not bark, because the enemy always shoots. There are various ways in which the dog tells his master of his discovery. One method is, if no wounded have been discovered, to trot back and lie down, whereas, if he has found a wounded man he urges the master to follow. United States Consul Talbot J. Albert of Brunswick tells of a method in use in the German army, in which the dogs have buckled to their collars a short strap, and they are trained, when they find a wounded man in hunting over the battlefield at night, to grasp the straps in their mouths and so return, thus signifying that there is a man in uniform alive out there. Then they lead the way back to him. This invention was necessary to overcome an evil that became evident among dogs taught to retrieve; that is, to bring back some piece of clothing belonging to the wounded

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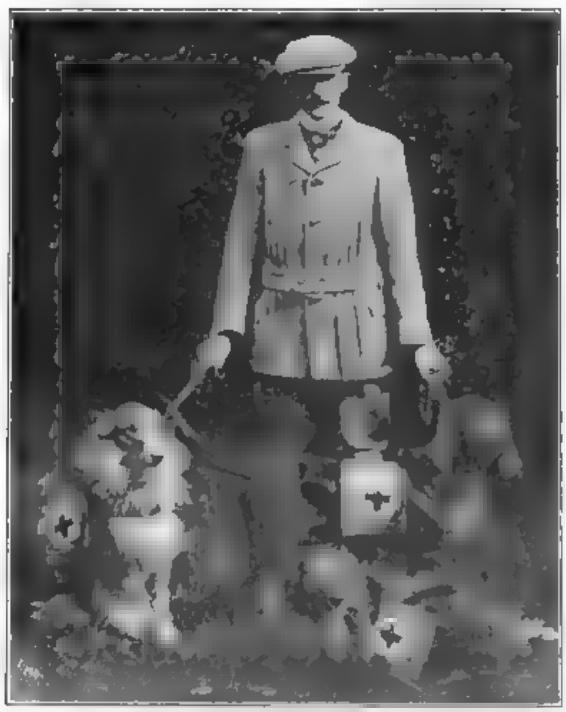
Photograph by Feature Photo Service

THE "DOBERMANN" DOGS OF GERMANY

These animals have been selected largely for battle-field work by the Central Powers. They are of the shepherd species. Their owners frequently train them and volunteer their services for humanity The rescue of Lieutenant von Wieland by his dog is one of the thrilling stories of the war

man, his cap, glove, or something from the neighborhood, such as a piece of cord, a stone, or a bunch of grass. The trouble with the method was that the dogs, in their abundant zeal, never returned without something from the injured man, and usually they took that which first struck their eyes. This was most often a bandage, which the dog would tear off. If taught to bring back a cap and the soldier had none, the dog would very likely seize him by the hair.



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ENGLAND'S CHIEF DOG TRAINER

Years ago Major Richardson, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, began teaching his pet dogs how to search out and bring back news as to "wounded"

Orders are orders, you know. But those trained to bring something from the neighborhood would fail to do so where the snow was deep.

Dogs are never trained to scent out the dead. Their business is to assist the wounded. Each one carries a first aid package strapped about its back or neck and knows that when a wounded man is found he may take the package.

They are trained to carry letters from post to post and they learn to distinguish the various posts by name. They are also of aid to soldiers on the watch. A French officer tells of one night while on watch as a private in one of the front trenches, when every dog became suddenly uneasy, continually growling and very excited. This was enough for the soldiers, they knew their army dogs and believed in them, so they telephoned to the main entrenchments for support Fully twenty-five minutes after the reinforcements arrived, a German attack was made from the trenches opposite which was turned back because of the superior numbers that answered the telephone call. The distance of the German trenches opposite those of the French is not given, but that does not stand in the way of a very interesting question: By what sense did these dogs know of the approaching attack? Did they hear the enemy making ready or do

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A FRENCH DOG BRINGING "THE EVIDENCE"

Dogs taught to bring something from the wounded man, in their eagerness, have occasionally torn off a first-aid bandage. Dogs are now taught to return to headquarters, after locating the injured, and bark; if no wounded have been found, to lie down

we excrete under excitement, through the sweat glands, certain distinctive chemical bodies that indicate to the trained olfactory sense of the dog either fear or passion?

A French dog named Prusco, nearly white, that looks like a wolf, has a remarkable record. It is said that after one battle, alone, he saved the lives of more than one hundred men by seeking out those concealed by brush or depressions or who were too weak to make their location known. If it had not been for Prusco they would have been left to die on the field. At another time a French regiment, advancing against the Germans, received a set-back and was forced to retreat, leaving many wounded. A hail of bullets was flying over them. Three Frenchmen, shot in the legs, were slowly dragging themselves toward a depression to avoid the fire of rifles and machine guns. They had thrown off everything that hindered them but they made very slow progress. Prusco saw them and bounded to the side of one who caught him by the collar and was quickly dragged to shelter. Then he returned and brought along the other two in the same way. This accomplished, he waited until the wounded men had supplied themselves with first aid from the kit on his back and then hastened off to render other aid where it was needed. Prusco has been honorably mentioned in the dispatches.

In the campaign on the Eastern front Lieutenant von Wieland led a party of men in an attack on the Russian trenches. Seeing the task hopeless on account of the Russian fire, the officer signalled a retreat. Turning with the soldiers that were left he made for the trenches and safety. When he had covered less than half the distance a rifle ball shattered the bone of his leg and down he fell amidst the still bodies of

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

AN ENGLISH AIREDALE SCOUT

One of Major Richardson's hardy, alert animals leaving Charing Cross for the front in care of Belgian soldiers. The Airedale is loyal and affectionate

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AN EXHIBITION BY AN AMERICAN DOG

The Army and Navy Dogs Club of this country also teach their dogs to get an identifying object. There are very few trained animals in the United States. Several dogs of this police type were given to the United States Army Medical Corps a year or more ago.

the men who had set out with him and lay there in the blood and muck and filth of the battlefield. The Russian fire was so murderous that no one dared bring him in. Presently a dark form bounded from the German trenches, rushed to Lieutenant von Wieland's side, grasped his coat between his teeth and, foot by foot, dragged him to safety. Once, but only for a moment, did he loosen his hold, and that was when a bullet "creased" him from shoulder to flank. The blood gushed from the wound but the dog took a fresh hold and finished his job at the edge of the trench where willing hands lifted the lieutenant down to safety. They had to lift the dog down, too, because just then a bullet broke both his fore-legs.

It was the lieutenant's dog Steif that, when his master's hour had struck, gnawed through his leash and rushed to him. There are evidences that Steif is partly of great Dane breed, partly mastiff and partly hound, but the rest of him is pure dog miscellany.

Man and dog were both taken to the hospital and the surgeons worked as hard over the one as they did over the other. Then one day, when His Majesty made his rounds, they brought Steif in on a cot and placed him beside the lieutenant. The emperor had heard the story and as he came along he took from the supply that he carried with him, an iron cross, which he pinned upon von Wieland's bosom. Then, taking another iron cross, he tied it to the collar of the dog.

In the Belgian army dogs have largely displaced horses for rushing machine guns from one location to another, according to a correspondent of the Boston *Post*. Officers claim that under fire they are more dependable than horses and may be relied upon to keep the gun out of the hands of the enemy even though the entire escort be killed. And they can be kept in trenches safe from hostile bullets, which is impossible with larger animals.

In Russia dogs have been used to carry ammunition to the firing lines and by the quickness of their work, which was formerly done by crouching and creeping men, have kept the soldiers well supplied from the ammunition wagons which are always likely to be far in the rear of advancing files.

There are canine sentries on duty on both sides in the Great War, and dogs that are dispatch-bearers. Marquis, a French dog, fell dead from a bullet wound almost at the feet of a group of French soldiers to whom he bore a message across a shell-raked stretch of country. But the message was delivered! And there is Stop, of the Fifteenth Army Corps, the savior of many wounded, and Flora, of the Twelfth Alpine Chasseurs, merciful dogs of war with reputations for distinguished service. There are many Stops and Floras actively engaged in humanitarian service, and it is quite unfair for me to single out individual animals—a conference of dogs of war would doubtless so decide

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TOO YOUNG TO ENLIST

But ambitious to learn, and to join the Red Cross Dog Corps, say his owners. The sword-handled parasol reflects a military spirit in the home-country

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

A FRENCHMAN'S IDEA OF A DOG OF WAR

A helmet and uniform were rigged for him. He will stand at attention, shoulder arms, and salute—at least will hold the posture after it is given him

—except as a means of giving typical stories of what are everyday exhibitions of intelligence, devotion, and self-sacrifice on the part of dogs of numerous breeds in the vast zone of battle.

The people in the warring countries are called on for many and varied contributions. The French War Department has on record a communication from the father of a family which poignantly illustrates this, for he wrote: "I already have three sons and a son-in-law with the colors; now I give up my dog, and vive la France!"

Other stories of the heroism of dogs are likely to come to us when the war is over, and from them we may gain more wisdom about dogs. We are likely to become informed—but whether we learn it or not rests with us—that a chance for education and training is important for a dog if it is to lead a useful life, and that in the economy of a better order of things there is a great deal of work for dogs to do.

There was a crotchety old man who said to a lover of dogs: "I never could understand why you do not visit an asylum and make merry and dance about with idiots. You can get the same type of mind there that you find in dogs, and then you could come away and not be bothered with dog-fights and muzzles and the destruction of your property."

"Yes," the dog-lover replied, "but they do not seem to succeed in training idiots to any useful purpose, while they do succeed with dogs There's the shepherd's dog that is still worth while, the husky of the Arctic sled train, the dog in harness of the Netherlands, the boy's dog that helps him to go fishing, and of course there is the watch dog. Now the watch dog is conservative by nature and he holds fast, among other things, to the theory of the sanctity of property. He is a disturber of the burglary business, but that also goes with the general principles of conservatism. The dog is a useful animal."

In dealing with dogs we should be philosophical and remember that misplacement is a cause of disorder; that dogs as well as men, women, and even boots and shoes, are most useful in those places where they can do most good. Unfortunately we do not employ much philosophy in our dealings with dogs. We use them for our left-over emotions. I know an excellent woman who ruins every dog she owns by sheer spoiling; by letting it have its own way without restraint. And I know a man, a good citizen, who strives to deal justly with his kind, but who is disposed to kick dogs if they bother him. Both take out their emotions on dogs. This does not give the dog a fair chance.

However, we do not have to go killing people to make dogs worth while.

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A COMPRESS WILL CHECK THE FLOW OF BLOOD

Bleeding washes a wound from within with Nature's best fluid, and germs are unlikely to get in. Do not handle or wash deep wounds. Peroxide is dangerous to use then, also. A compress of clean gauze, such as the miner is taking from a Red Cross first-aid box, when bound firmly in place over the injured spot, will both protect it from infection and stanch the bleeding

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HOW TO DRESS ORDINARY WOUNDS

BY

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

[THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE began in the December number a series of authoritative articles outlining the courses in First Aid and Home Nursing which are being given to classes in every part of the United States. This is the third article. The interest, knowledge, and results already shown from these courses are a great stride toward prevention of sickness heretofore caused by ignorance, and also toward the saving of many lives by imparting knowledge of what to do and what not to do before the doctor comes. Mr. Cushing's next article will treat of special wounds and wounds where bleeding is severe.—THE EDITORS.]

AS THE reporter of this series of articles on first aid was on his way to interview the surgeon who supplies the information for the articles, the reporter was musing over an idea for his opening paragraph.

"Three-fifths of the human race," he was thinking, "is involved in a world war. Countless thousands have been wounded. How to treat wounds becomes, in consequence, a matter of tremendous importance. But this is peaceful America, and a great many Americans are getting tired of reading about war. A lot of readers might ask, 'What have wounds to do with us?'——"

The reporter came up out of the Broadway subway, raised his umbrella and started across the corner in a downpour. The coast was comparatively clear when he started; but those new steel cars that look like "U" boats can get under way with remarkable rapidity. The reporter

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FREQUENCY OF ACCIDENTS MAKES FIRST AID KNOWLEDGE URGENT

The author of this series of articles was caught in a street car fender while going to see the physician who guides him in the technical framing of them. "Why should Americans know how to administer first aid?" he asked himself, as he crossed a New York thoroughfare. Then he "bumped into" the answer, and sustained a lacerated hand and other injuries. A similiar accident is shown above

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recalls that his first warning of the nearness of an inland torpedo boat was a sudden flash of metallic green right under the horizon line of his umbrella. A small fraction of a second later he was violently rammed and was rolling under a fender.

A hasty inventory when he scrambled to his feet again revealed nothing more serious in the way of injuries than a slightly bruised ankle, a surface cut on the left knee and a deeper cut, bleeding freely, on the left hand. The reporter did not need to be treated for shock, for the humor of the situation—to be hurt on his way to the doctor's—acted as a first class stimulant. And this was not an unusual number. On the average some one is injured in New York's street accidents every twenty-three minutes, some one killed every thirteen hours.

The reporter hastily wrapped a handkerchief around the bleeding hand and hurried on to his appointment. The interview that followed took the form of a practical demonstration with running comments.

The surgeon did not wash the deep wound. Neither did he treat it with antiseptics. The fact that it was bleeding freely was, he remarked, "reassuring." Why? "No germs can get into a wound while that is going on." He

FIRST AID TEAM IN CONTEST FOR HONORS

First Aid meets under Red Cross auspices are now annual events in a number of industrial centres. The Bethlehem Steel Company, Bell Telephone Company, and the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railroad are among the leaders to-day in aiding the Red Cross to educate workers in first aid and accident prevention. The application of this knowledge saves lives, prevents unnecessary suffering, and makes for efficiency

Furthermore, reasoning after the popular fashion set by Pollyanna, he had a reason to be happy. He was not much damaged—and he had literally "bumped into" the answer to the question that had been so troublesome.

Why should Americans know how to administer first aid to the wounded?

For one reason (and there are plenty of others when you get to thinking about them) the prevalence of street accidents makes such knowledge important. There were several hundred other street accidents that day in New York, more than fifty of them of a serious nature.

made a compress of clean gauze, applied it, bound it firmly into place and the flow of blood soon ceased.

"Now you should know the theory first," the surgeon commented, as he worked. "In brief, it's this—infection comes from the *outside*, not the inside. What infects a wound? Usually some tiny parasites which we call 'pus germs.' They range in size from a diameter of one five-thousandth of an inch up to nearly one fiftieth of an inch. Generally speaking, the smaller fellows, which we can see only with powerful microscopes, do the most damage. . . .

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These germs come from the outside, but not from the air. You need not fear to expose a wound to the air unless it happens to be one which exposes the tissues of the abdomen, or unless there is some dust swirling about. These pus parasites come not from the air but from the surface of the skin or from the surface of the object which caused the wound. If only a few of them get into a wound, the blood can down them without much difficulty. But if the infection is great enough to poison the blood the result is likely to be fatal.

"Now you see why the Red Cross Text Book directs first aid students not to wash a deep wound, not to allow their hands or any unsterilized instruments to touch it, not to apply peroxide or other washes to it, and not to handle the contact side of the compress. The thing to watch is that no germs get into the wound. If it is bleeding freely you probably have nothing to worry about, for the wound is being washed with the only safe fluid. As for checking the flow of the blood, the pressure of the wound dressing usually will do that. If it doesn't, apply a tourniquet. This may sound easier to say than to do, but it is one of the easiest things in the world to do. Just as you can stop the flow of water through a hose by stepping on the hose, you can stop the flow of blood through an artery by pressing on the artery at one of the places diagrammed in your text book as 'pressure points.' A tourniquet is simply a band and a pad. The band may be anything that is stout enough and comes handy—a handkerchief, a towel, a bandage; the pad may be anything, too—a watch, a cork, a stone. When you twist the band the pad presses on the garden hose and shuts off the flow."

The doctor settled back in his chair and took up the text book to remind him of the outline of the chapter.

AN OUTDOOR RED CROSS DEMONSTRATION

One of the three specially equipped first aid Pullman cars which the Red Cross keeps traveling the year round. The staff surgeon in charge is Doctor Shields. Last year the First Aid Division instructed 66,332 railroad employees, 24,064 lumbermen, thousands of miners, and 1,069 quarrymen. In the quarry industry alone last year 9,671 workmen were injured and 148 killed in accidents

"We are getting ahead of schedule," he remarked, "but no matter. We may as well mention the tourniquet now as later. For convenience the text book gives a separate chapter to the more severe sort of bleeding, but the principles of treating wounds are the same for little scratches as for deep gashes. And a deep wound, remember, will heal up as easily and as rapidly as a mere scratch if it is no more infected than a scratch.

"Maybe I had better hammer a minute longer on this point of infection. The way to care for a wound is to let bleeding wash it; then

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to place a surgically clean dressing on it and let Nature do the rest. Here is an important paragraph from the text book. It is printed in small type, but don't overlook it.

"'If the wound is touched by the hand billions of pus germs will be carried into it,'" he read. "'If washed with water even more germs will be carried into the wound and not only that, but the deep parts of the wound which previously no germs had reached will have billions of germs carried to them. *Therefore do not handle or wash a wound.* Even if an antiseptic solution is used, it will carry pus germs from the skin and deeper than they have been before and no antiseptic such as bichloride of mercury can be used strong enough to kill these germs, as it will also destroy the cells of the body and so make them less able to fight the germs. Peroxide is specially dangerous in deep wounds as it carries pus germs everywhere and is not strong enough to destroy them. Placing a clean dressing, which means a dressing that has been sterilized surgically (such as the Red Cross Dressing) on the wound will introduce no more germs and will not injure the delicate tissues of the body, exposed in the wound. Moreover, the flow of blood and blood serum (the liquid part of the blood) will be in the direction of the dressing, so the germs will be constantly going out. *This therefore is the way to take care of a wound.*'"

Our surgeon cautions that all this is to be taken in the most literal sense. If you cut your finger don't put the wound to your lips, for your mouth contains dangerous germs. So does the water in the wash basin. The thing to do is to make the finger bleed a little by pressure; then to bandage it and let it alone. As for plaster, the text-book, you will observe, condemns its use for anything but trivial scrapes "for not only does plaster seal the wound so that any germs within would be in most favorable position to increase in number but is itself likely to be covered with pus germs."

Our expert advises: "Instead of wasting your money on disinfectants and patent washes and the like, you will do far better to buy a Red Cross first aid packet which contains surgically clean gauze for wound dressing and bandaging.

"I own, personally, to a strong prejudice against having bichloride of mercury tablets around the house," the surgeon told me, a little later. Diluted iodine, he contends, is quite as efficacious an antiseptic as these "deadly poisonous tablets which are so often being mistaken for something else." He has managed both in his home and in his operating room to get along without them for more than ten years. The iodine, if it is diluted with alcohol to the color of straw, will leave no stain on the skin. For washing his hands before and after an operation, he uses no costly patent liquid soaps, but a solution of what the housewife knows as "bleaching powder"—ordinary chloride of lime. Lacking this, he would make his hands as nearly surgically clean as possible by following the text book's advice, "hard scrubbing for five minutes with hot water, soap, and a nail brush, paying special attention to the nails."

If he had no access to specially prepared dressings and could not obtain them within a reasonable time, he would call for a napkin or a handkerchief that had *just* been laundered and would apply its inner surface to the wound. Note here, he adds, the text book's warning: "Towels, handkerchiefs, etc., which have been used or handled, though they may look clean, are never so in the surgical sense and are therefore particularly dangerous to use as compresses." As a general rule unless one can apply sterile dressings to a wound it is safer to leave it uncovered.

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